



# The Heir



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## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

The Creature's breath fogged the glass as it faced the shops front windows. Standing frozen in place I breathed in shallow gasps and I tried to blink blood from my eyes. I held Yavain's hand tightly in my own, braced for any sound of fright the small seven year old might make in fright, ready to run or fight. But she was still as stone, aside from a slight trembling. My blade still lay snug in its sheaf at my waist and I ached to draw it, to have some sort of semblance of protection against the mighty beast that prowled the street, but any movement would catch it's eye and I had more than just myself to look after.

The alarms hadn't sounded tonight, and more than one family had been butchered tonight, unaware of the danger in the night. Sentries posted around the city should have warned of the attack from the woods, but no piercing sound of horns had sounded, so the city had been unprepared when the first of the Wolves had breached the walls into the city. These were no ordinary Wolves. They towered high above a man, claws and teeth as sharp as blades. And they were cunning. Smart and quick they worked together in packs, killing all in their wake. The Guard had been built after the first Wolves attacked, some twenty years ago. By creating tunnels under the city residences would hide when the alarm sounded and the guard would arm

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would pass on, drawn to the fires that light up the city. But no such luck, with a howl the Wolf leap through the window, shattering the thick glass window. Very dramatic. Screaming, Yavain fell to the ground and I dragged her back, placing myself between her and the beast. Drawing my blade and crouching, if I could catch under its jaw as it lunged I might be able to stick a killing blow.

But then, a man stepped from behind the Wolf. Tall and dark with long black hair and ice blue eyes.

"Hey Jason," He said, tapping two twin swords against the ground as he leaned against the growling Wolf. "Whats up?"

## Chapter 2 by Arden~Twa



For a moment, I just stared in disbelief, eyes darting between him and the beast, trying to assess which needed my immediate attention. The Wolf didn't seem to be preparing to attack, so I slowly turned to the man, who was nonchalantly inspecting his nails.

"What are you doing here?"

He grinned, looking up again. "What does it look like I'm doing?"

I nudged Yavain toward the stairs. She took the hint, running up them with a frightened glance backward. Then I turned back to my visitor.

"It *looks* like you're directing these monsters to attack the city. But I sincerely hope my eyes are deceiving me."

Myderon laughed. "And why would I be directing these lovely creatures--which, contrary to your incorrect assumption, are *not* monsters--to attack this city? I grew up here, too, you know. Or have you forgotten me?"

I shook my head slowly. "I haven't forgotten."

"So what makes you think I have?" See more of Story Wars

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I hesitated, considering the possibility that he was trying to place the same way the rest of us did. Perhaps you've come seeking revenge!

Myderon laughed ruefully. "Wrong again! You see, I *did* love this city. As much as, or more than, you and the others did. The thing was, the city never loved me the way it loved all of you. Don't you know the proverb? 'The child who is not embraced by the village...'"

"...will burn it down to feel its warmth," I finished. "So that's why you're here. You've come to burn down the village."

Myderon began tossing one of his blades from hand to hand. "Actually, no. I'm not attacking the city. But it's something to think about, isn't it?"

I ground my teeth. "If you're not attacking, then what are you doing? Why the wolves?"

"Ah, yes. The truth is, I did come here with the people who *are* attacking, as one of them--I sort of fell in with the wrong crowd. What can I say? That's what happens when the people who ought to have been your friends reject you. Anyway, I came with them, but what they don't know is that I intend to betray them. I've come to warn you, and to get you and your sister to safety."

My eyes narrowed. "Come to warn us? You're a little late, aren't you? Hundreds have already died. The warning system we had in place has failed us."

Myneron shook his head, his eyes now growing more serious. "You don't understand. The Wolf attacks--they're only the beginning. There is a much greater plot at work here. That's what I've come to warn you about. A storm is coming that this city will not be able to weather--not unless we take action now."

I hesitated. "Why should I trust you?"

He shrugged. "Because I'm telling the truth. But I realize you'll find it difficult to believe me, so if you doubt me, then go ahead and stay here. Hide in your tunnels, and when the day of reckoning comes--which will be *much* sooner than any of you realize--you can look back on this day and wish that you had trusted me."

I sighed. I didn't want to trust him. I reasons not to. But something in his tone told me I had to.

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"Fine. Let me get Yavain. We'll come with you."

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